

# THE POLYNESIAN.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT HONOLULU, OAHU, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

J. J. JARVES, Editor.]

SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1845.

[NEW SERIES, Vol. 1.—No. 50.]

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

### Memorandum of Goods

JUST RECEIVED, per the "Nepaul," from London, and for sale by GEORGE PELLY and GEORGE T. ALLAN, Agents for the Hudson's Bay Company.

Carpenter's Adzes, Shell Augurs, Brad Awns, blue and white Basins and soap drawers to match, green Baize, Earthen ware Slop Basins—sugar and milk, brass Bedsteads with mosquito curtains complete, Day & Martin's liquid and paste Blacking, blue Stone for linen, Wine bottles, Wellington and Hessian light Boots, India rubber and cotton braces, bolts for doors, snaffle and double rein bridles, brushes—cloth, hair, tooth, shoe, wh-wash, and horse; buttons—mother of pearl, shirt, patent metal, and white horn; imitation wax candles, plated candlesticks and shades for do., cloth foraging caps—plain and with gold lace bands—of all sizes; handsome dressing cases, cut glass salt cellars, paring and mortise chisels, oil cloths for rooms, ladies' superfine cloths, table cloths and table covers, superfine dress and frock coats—latest fashion, silk and cotton frock coats, brass cocks—ass'd sizes, combs—dressing, etc., etc., etc.; best velvet wine corks; blue cottons, prints, regattas, and bleached and unbleached long cloths, fine book and printed muslins and Estopellas, India rubber capes, sets of block-tin dish covers, sets of dinner and tea crockery, plated and lacquered liquor and cruet stands, decanters—plain and cut quart and pint; bleached diaper for toweling, fine white dimity, linen drill—white and brown, pieces blue and white flannel—superfine and second quality, blk silk ferrets for shoe ties; hand, cross-cut, and pit-saw files, sailors' Guernsey frocks and duck, copper and brass gauze for safes, wine glasses of all sorts and latest patterns, toilet glasses, spike and assorted gimblets, window glass, griddles—large and small, ladies' and gentlemen's silk, cotton, and kid gloves; socket gouges, twilled cotton dressing gowns, percussion caps, finest cannister powder, kegs gunpowder (28 lbs. each), Handkerchiefs—silk and cotton, for neck and pocket, hasps and staples, black and white beaver hats (latest fashion), hinges—iron and brass, ladies and gentlemen's silk hose, do. do. cotton hose—all sizes, bleached huckabuck—for table cloths; blue cloth, pea, and superfine cloth jackets; flat, bolt and hoop iron, smoothing irons; plane irons—double and single—all sizes, earthen ware jugs, wrought iron tea kettles and cast iron pots, double and single blade pocket knives; table knives and forks, first quality; gold lace, for caps; lace, for ladies' dresses; Irish linen, Dutch ovens; locks—pad, brass case, door, desk, cupboard, etc.; nails, of all sizes, wrought and cut; rivets, needles, sauce pans; Osnaburghs, for bagging; oval and round tin pans, in nests of 4 each; frying pans, large and small; silk parasols, best English perfumery, clay pipes, mixed and diamond pins, sailors' hook tin pots; earthen ware, tea and Britania metal tea and coffee pots, of very handsome patterns; fancy quilting, black hair ribbon, best English hog-skin saddles; saws—cross-cut, hand, pit and tenon; fine and common scissors, cork and wood screws; silk serge, for coat linings; shovels and spades, plated spurs; duck sheeting, for trousers and light shirts; men's and boy's white cotton, striped, regatta, blue and red flannel; shoes—ladies' and gentlemen's light summer, boys, youths, girls and infants, men's strong bound; gentlemen's common Morocco slippers, portable sofas; soap—yellow, mottled, and best shaving; steel yards, to weigh from 40 to 200 lbs.; white tape, ass'd sizes; thread, silk, and cotton, of all colors and qualities; bed ticking; tin, different sizes; Negro Head tobacco; trousers—summer, sailors' duck, cloth and white drill; plain and cut-glass tumblers, earthen ware soup tureens, iron wheels for trucks, summer vests, brass wire; very superior Port, Sherry, and Madeira wines; pine-apple cheeses; best Durham mustard, in bottles; best Carolina rice; Hodson's best pale ale, in casks and bottles; pickles, and mushroom and anchovy sauce.

### STATIONERY.

S. F. foolscap books, 1, 2, 3 and 4 quires; S. F. foolscap and 4to post writing paper, svo memorandum books, black and red ink powder, glass cone inkstands, penknives of very superior quality, slate pencils, Perry's superior steel pens; broad, middling and narrow office tape; boxes wafers; slates—large and small; best sealing wax.

### NAVAL STORES.

Anchor for vessels of 350 tons; do. do. 100 to 150 do., sails do. 60 to 75 do.; double and single blocks, all sizes; Paint brushes; patent chain cables, complete; bolts patent canvas, No. 1 to No. 8; sheathing copper, 32, 28, 24 and 16 oz.; Nails for do., sheet lead and pump leather; copper rods and spike nails, sail needles, boat nails and pump tacks, sail hooks and sewing palms, paints and pitch; whale line, rope and rigging of all dimensions; rutline, deep sea and hand lead lines, spirits turpentine; varnish—black, bright and copal; seaming and roping twine, linseed oil, rosin, Stockholm tar, putty in 7 lb. bladders; and a variety of other articles not mentioned in this memorandum. March 1

### New Goods—per "Montreal."

FOR SALE, ON REASONABLE TERMS, by E. & H. GRIMES, the following Goods—viz:—

20 BOXES GLASS, 8x10 and 10x12; 50 doz. pocket Knives, assorted; 100 doz. Sheath do. do.; Chisels, Carpenter's Rules, assorted; Nails, 40 M. Tacks, assorted; 12 cases Brogans, assorted; Knives and Forks, assorted; 48 pit-Saws, 7 feet each; 24 Muskets; 30 Riding Saddles; 10 doz. Globe Lanterns; 20 reams Wrapping Paper; 20 doz. Hint's Axes; 30 doz. Axe Handles; 50 M. Needles; 6 cases blue Drills; 6 cases blue Sheetings; 1 case Fancy Articles; 1 case Bed-Ticking; 4 bbls. Dried Apples. Mch 29

### New Goods.

JUST received, per "Nepaul," "Bull," and "Hannah," and for sale, on liberal terms, by PATY & CO.:

5 bales English Long Cloths—super article; 6 bales do. blue Cottons—38 inch; 4 bales do. brown Cottons—very fine; 3 cases China blue Cottons; 3 cases English blue Drills; 1 case English Prints; 1-2 case fancy cold Sarsnets; 1 case blk Sinchews; 1 case blk silk Hdks.; 10 ps. "soft" wh. Muslin—52 inch, very fine; 50 ps. narrow black Ribbons; Superfine white Flannel; 40 doz. men's Half Hose; 20 lbs. Stone Blue—for linen; 50 groce suspender and strap, metal and bone Buttons; 150 lbs. Linen Thread; 40 doz. hand-saw Files, Locks, Butts, &c. Silver Ware; table Furniture, &c. Also, for sale—4000 lbs. brown Sugar, good quality; 400 galls. Molasses; 500 Oil; Cider Vinegar; 2000 ft. pine Boards; Preserved Meats and Vegetables, in cans; 6 prs. splendid silver plated Candlesticks—with extra shades. Honolulu, March 12, 1845. if

## POETRY.

From (U. S.) New Monthly Magazine.

### THE POLKA,

OR THE BOHEMIAN GIRL TO HER LOVER.—A NATIONAL BALLAD.

The following description of the far-famed "Polka Dance" has recently been given to the world by the celebrated Frederika Bremer, the Edgeworth and Austin of Sweden, in a work entitled "Strife and Peace," of which a translation has appeared from the pen of a kindred writer, the accomplished Mary Howitt. This dance, which is equally popular in Bohemia, Hungary, Sweden, Norway, &c. "is," says Miss Bremer, "highly characteristic; it paints the northern inhabitants highest joy in life; it is the Berselker gladness in the dance. Supported upon the arm of the woman, the man throws himself high in the air; then catches her in his arms, and swings round with her in wild circles; then they separate, then they unite again, and whirl again round, as it were in superabundance of life and delight. The measure is determined, bold, and full of life. It is a dance-intoxication, in which people for the moment release themselves from every care, every burden and oppression of existence!"

Dear youth, from the forest and mountain,

Oh, come, 'neath the wild cherry tree—

My flax thread I've washed in the fountain,

Come, love, dance the Polka with me!

Like the waves of the Elbe madly bounding,

Let not the dark Wodnyk affright,

The Mandoline long has been sounding,

Like Vilas we'll dance through the night!

Dear youth, from the forest and mountain,

Oh, come, 'neath the wild cherry tree—

My flax thread I've washed in the fountain,

Come, love, dance the Polka with me!

With the Garnets you gave to adorn me,

Those gems in our Giant's Glen found,

That our Burgrave himself should not scorn me,

By my gold-hearted mother I'm crown'd!

There's life in my feet and my arms, love!

There's fire in my heart and my soul!

I pant for the Polka's wild charms, love,

Which each sorrow of life can control!

Then come from the forest and mountain,

Oh, come, 'neath the wild cherry tree—

My flax thread I've washed in the fountain,

Come, love, dance the Polka with me!

Like wine, that glad dance will inspire me,

With transport 'twill thrill every vein—

Did I dance through the night, 'twould not tire me—

I would dance it at morning again!

What rapture, when heart to heart joining—

In thine eyes, love, as onwards we go,

All its magical circles entwining,

I must gaze, or I giddy should grow!

Then come from the forest and mountain,

Oh, come, 'neath the wild cherry tree!

My flax thread I've washed in the fountain,

Come, Love, dance the Polka with me!

## SELECTED.

### THE INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

A grave figure, with a pair of mysterious spectacles on his nose and a pen behind his ear, was seated at a desk, in the corner of a metropolitan office. The apartment was fitted up with a counter, and furnished with an oaken cabinet and a chair or two, in simple and business-like style. Around the walls were stuck advertisements of articles lost, or articles wanted, or articles to be disposed of; in one or another of which classes were comprehended nearly all the conveniences, or otherwise, that the imagination of man has contrived. The interior of the room was thrown into shadow, partly by the tall edifices that rose on the opposite side of the street, and partly by the immense show-bills of blue and crimson paper, that were expanded over each of the three windows. Undisturbed by the tramp of feet, the rattle of wheels, the hum of voices, the shout of the city-crier, the scream of the news-boys, and other tokens of the multitudinous life that surged along in front of the office, the figure at the desk pored diligently over a folio volume, of ledger-like size and aspect. He looked like the spirit of a record—the soul of his own great volume—made visible in mortal shape.

But scarcely an instant elapsed without the appearance at the door of some individual from the busy population whose vicinity was manifested by so much buzz, and clatter, and outcry. Now, it was a thriving mechanic, in quest of a tenement that should come within his moderate means of rent; now, a ruddy Irish girl from the banks of Killarney, wandering from kitchen to kitchen of our land, while her heart still hung in the peat-smoke of her native cottage; now, a single gentleman, looking out for economical board; and now—for this establishment offered an epitome of worldly pursuits—it was a faded beauty inquiring for

her lost bloom; or Peter Schlemihl for his lost shadow; or an author, of ten years' standing, for his vanished reputation; or a moody man for yesterday's sunshine.

At the next lifting of the latch there entered a person with his hat awry upon his head, his clothes perversely ill-suited to his form, his eyes staring in directions opposite to their intelligence, and a certain odd unsuitableness pervading his whole figure.—Wherever he might chance to be, whether in palace or cottage, church or market, on land or sea, or even at his own fireside, he must have worn the characteristic expression of a man out of his right place.

"This," inquired he putting his question in the form of an assertion, "this is the Central Intelligence Office?"

"Even so," answered the figure at the desk, turning another leaf of his volume; he then looked the applicant in the face, and said briefly—"Your business?"

"I want," said the latter, with tremulous earnestness, "a place!"

"A place!—and of what nature?" asked the Intelligencer. "There are many vacant, or soon to be so, some of which will probably suit, since they range from that of a footman up to a seat at the council-board, or in the cabinet, on a throne, or a presidential chair."

The stranger stood pondering before the desk, with an unquiet dissatisfied air—a dull, vague pain of heart, expressed by a slight contortion of brow—earnestness of glance, that asked and expected, yet continually wavered, as if distrusting. In short he evidently wanted, not in a physical or intellectual sense, but with an urgent moral necessity that is the hardest of all things to satisfy, since it knows not its own object.

"Ah you mistake me!" said he at length, with a gesture of nervous impatience. "Either of the places you mention, indeed, might answer my purpose—or, more probably, none of them. I want my place!—my own place!—my true place in the world!—my proper sphere!—my thing to do, which nature intended me to perform when she fashioned me thus awry, and which I have vainly sought, all my lifetime! Whether it be a footman's duty, or an king's is of little consequence, so it be naturally mine. Can you help me here?"

"I will enter your application," answered the Intelligencer, at the same time writing a few lines in his volume. "But to undertake such a business, I tell you frankly, is quite apart from the ground covered by my official duties. Ask for something specific, and it may doubtless be negotiated for you, on your compliance with the conditions. But were I to go further, I should have the whole population of the city upon my shoulders; since far the greater proportion of them are, more or less, in your predicament."

The applicant sank into a fit of despondency, and passed out of the door without again lifting his eyes; and, if he died of the disappointment, he was probably buried in the wrong tomb; inasmuch as the fatality of such people never deserts them, and, whether alive or dead, they are invariably out of place.

Almost immediately, another foot was heard on the threshold. A youth entered hastily, and threw a glance around the office to ascertain whether the man of intelligence was alone. He then approached close to the desk, blushed like a maiden, and seemed at a loss how to broach his business.

"You come upon an affair of the heart," said the official personage, looking into him through his mysterious spectacles. "State it in as few words as may be."

"You are right," replied the youth. "I have a heart to dispose of."

"You seek an exchange?" said the Intelligencer. "Foolish youth, why not be contented with your own?"

"Because," exclaimed the young man, losing his embarrassment in a passionate glow,—"because my heart burns me with an intolerable fire; it tortures me all day long with yearnings for I know not what, and feverish throbbings, and the pangs of a vague sorrow; and it awakens me in the night-time with a quake, when there is nothing to be feared! I cannot endure it any longer. It were wiser to throw away such a heart, even if it brings me nothing in return!"

"Oh, very well," said the man of office, making an entry in his volume. "Your affair will be easily transacted. This species of brokerage makes no inconsiderable part of my business; and there is always a large assortment of the article to select from.—

Here, if I mistake not, comes a pretty fair sample."

Even as he spoke, the door was gently and slowly thrust ajar, affording a glimpse of the slender figure of a young girl, who, as she timidly entered, seemed to bring the light and cheerfulness of the outer atmosphere into the somewhat gloomy apartment. We know not her errand there; nor can we reveal whether the young man gave up his heart into her custody. If so, the arrangement was neither better nor worse than in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, where the parallel sensibilities of a similar age, importunate affections, and the easy satisfaction of characters not deeply conscious of themselves, supply the place of any profounder sympathy.

Not always, however, was the agency of the passions and affections an office of so little trouble. It happened—rarely, indeed, in proportion to the cases that came under an ordinary rule, but still it did happen—that a heart was occasionally brought hither, of such exquisite material, so delicately attuned, and so curiously wrought, that no other heart could be found to match it. It might almost be considered a misfortune, in a worldly point of view, to be the possessor of such a diamond of the purest water; since in any reasonable probability, it could only be exchanged for an ordinary pebble, or a bit of cunningly manufactured glass, or, at least, for a jewel of native richness, but ill-set, or with some fatal flaw, or an early vein running through its central lustre. To choose another figure, it is said that hearts which have their well-spring in the infinite, and contain inexhaustible sympathies, should ever be doomed to pour themselves into shallow vessels, and thus lavish their rich affections on the ground. Strange, that the finer and deeper nature, whether in man or woman, while possessed of every other delicate instinct, should so often lack that most invaluable one, of preserving itself from contamination with what is of a baser kind! Sometimes, it is true, the spiritual fountain is kept pure by a wisdom within itself, and sparkles into the light of heaven, without a stain from the earthy strata through which it has gushed upward. And sometimes, even here on earth, the pure mingles with the pure, and the inexhaustible is recompensed with the infinite. But these miracles, though he should claim the credit of them, are far beyond the scope of such a superficial agent in human affairs, as the figure in the mysterious spectacles.

Again the door was opened, admitting the bustle of the city with a fresher reverberation into the Intelligence Office. Now entered a man of wo-begone and downcast look; it was such an aspect as if he had lost the very soul out of his body, and had traversed all the world over, scorching in the dust of the highways, and along the shady footpaths, and beneath the leaves of the forest, and among the sands of the sea-shore, in hopes to recover it again. He had bent an anxious glance along the pavement of the street, as he came hitherward; he looked, also, in the angle of the door-step, and upon the floor of the room; and, finally, coming up to the Man of Intelligence, he gazed through the inscrutable spectacles which the latter wore, as if the lost treasure might be hidden within his eyes.

"I have lost—" he began; and then he paused.

"Yes," said the Intelligencer, "I see that you have lost—but what?"

"I have lost a precious jewel," replied the unfortunate person, "the like of which is not to be found among any prince's treasures. While I possessed it, the contemplation of it was my sole and sufficient happiness. No price should have purchased it of me; but it has fallen from my bosom, where I wore it, in my careless wanderings about the city."

After causing the stranger to describe the marks of his lost jewel, the Intelligencer opened a drawer of the oaken cabinet, which has been mentioned as forming a part of the furniture of the room. Here were deposited whatever articles had been picked up in the streets, until the right owner should reclaim them. It was a strange and heterogeneous collection. Not the least remarkable part of it, was a great number of wedding-rings, each one of which had been riveted upon the finger with holy vows, and all the mystic potency that the most solemn rites could attain, but had, nevertheless, proved too slippery for the wearer's vigilance. The gold